A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, August 4. 1711.

THE *High-Flyers* and *Jacobites* of this Age are the worst Politicians in the World; they have many a good Hand of Cards dealt them, but they always throw away their own Game; Fortune, *as they call it*, often faces about to them, but Fate looks a squint upon them —Like Mr. *Dryden's Panther* —— That was.

Doomed to Death, yet *fated* not to die.

The *Tory Cause* by the mad Politicks of their Party, stands just thus, *Doom'd* to get up, but *Fated* not to rise, and what is the Matter with them?——The Case is all owing to themselves, Patience is not the Talent of the Party, no Temper belongs to them, it is not to be found among them. ——Any Man of common Sense among them, would have thought they had as fair a Cast for it now, as ever they had in this Age, or as ever they will have in the next; and indeed they have but too much Advantage of us in every Thing.

But the hope we have, is all in themselves —— Nothing can ruin their Interest but their own Measures; Madness and Blindness is upon them, and Heaven, that for many Ages has infatuated them just when they came to the Grisis of their Cause, con-

continues to do so still, and may it still continue to do so, till they do by their Cause, as they have always done by it, and as King *James* did by it before them, I mean, Overthrow it.

I might go back to former Instances of their precipitant Politicks, by which they have always overwhelm'd their own Party and their own Cause; such as pushing at Ecclesiastick Commissions, the setting up *Popish* Chappels, and sending the Bishops to Prison, all which push'd on the Revolution —— Such as their pushing their Occasional Bills, Tackings, Memorials, &c. But never any Thing went farther to the Precipitating their own Fate, than the Measures they have been now taking, and I'll appeal to their own Senses, as well as Experience.

I begin in *Scotland*, upon their late Success in the House of Peers, where they obtain'd what they thought a mighty Victory, in reversing the Sentence of *Greenshields*, pass'd by the Lords of Session and the Magistrates of *Edinburgh*; What follow'd?—Not content to use their Success with Moderation, they thought the World their own; That Episcopacy was immediately to be restor'd in *Scotland*, That the *Presbyterians* were abandon'd by the Government, That the Laws, the Union, the Assembly, these were of no signification in the Case—And away they run with it, fall upon the *Presbyterians*, Rabble their Judicatories, abuse the People, and almost Murther their Ministers, and this in several Places —— And what's the Consequence? Why truly, like most People who run before they are sent, they are fain to come back again; and these very Heats put their Cause farther back than it was before—The Queen, who, they vainly thought would Countenance their Folly, *a Thought as absurd as the rest of their Madness*, Writes to the Assembly, to plant the vacant Churches with Learned and Pious Ministers, (*Presbyterians*) just at the very Time that they rise in Tumults against those that are Planted; and the Law, which her Majesty promises to maintain, looks directly in their Faces — Confounded with these Things, they stand Thunder-struck, they succumb, stoop to make the lowest Submissions, and comply with the meanest and most servile Capitulation possible.

Now will any of these Gentlemen's Party say, they had not better have let all alone? Had they not better have sat still, than rise up to fall? Had they not better never have begun, than having begun, not be able to go on?——The Disappointment lays their Cause lower than almost their Enemies could desire, I am sure than they could expect, and now they look back with Blushes and Regret.

Just thus we have it now in *England*, burning one Meeting-House, plundering another, and Mobbing and Ransacking the *Dissenters*: Does this answer your End, Gentlemen? Is it for your Advantage to be always flying to the Queen's Mercy to have your Rabbles, your Incendiaries, and your Mad-Men pardon'd and sav'd from the Gallows?

Let any thinking *Tory* tell me now, upon the Story of the Medal in *Scotland* —— Do ye think, Gentlemen, this will do your Cause any Service? These Things should never be done, till you were sure of your Game; till all the Law was in your own Hands, till the Pretender was at Hand with a sufficient Strength to support him, and the Queen's Forces Routed, or no visible Power near to oppose you; but to do these Things *now!* now, when the Queen is so Powerful, and in so good a Posture to resent it; so able to punish you, your Interest and Friends so unable to defend you, this can savour of nothing but *Bedlam*, and can have no Issue but to Ruin your Cause, and Overthrow all the Measures and Prospects of your Friends.

Upon the whole therefore, I am none of those that take Umbrage at all at these Proceedings, nor would I have any Body be in a Consternation, at the Forwardness and Insolence of these *Jacobites*: Lord! What will these Things come to, says a Friend of mine in a great Surprize? We shall be all undone, says he, if the *Jacobites* go on thus —— You are all mistaken, said

said I, it is not WE shall be undone, it is THEY will be undone, these Things will Ruin them, let them go on, I would fain have them burn two or three Meeting-Houses more, and Rabble two or three Houses more; instead of a Medal sent and accepted, let them declare for the Pretender, own and assert his Right; by all means let them go on, for nothing they can do, can do us so much Good, and themselves so much hurt —— Their *Tory* Government, which they fancy is now uppermost, will be put to the Necessity of Hanging a few of them, and they will see, that having started out of their Ambuscade before their Time, those People that wish their Cause as well as they do themselves, will yet be oblig'd to send them to their Fate, the Gallows, purely for their Precipitation.

Why should any Body grutch the Faculty of Advocates the Pleasure of having all the World condemn their Folly, and call them Mad-Men? Their Friends that have more Wit, curse their Rashness and Impolitick Frenzy, and the Friends of the Government laugh at them, and Triumph over their Folly, for having blown up their Designs by it, and made it impossible for their best Friends to support them ——— For my part, if these Gentlemen will do all our Works for us, if they will Ruin themselves and their Cause, if they will open the Eyes of the Mob themselves, and let them see who deluded them; if they, the *Jacobites*, will destroy *Jacobitism* itself, and pull down the House upon their own Heads, if they will knock their Heads against the Government, God forbid I should hinder them; I say of them as *Solomon* says of another kind, *Let him flee to the pit, let no man stay him.*

If then the Faculty of Advocates, or Society of Lawyers, please to accept of another Medal of the Pretender, if they will own him it Represents, as their Sovereign; if they will hug a Contemptible Fugitive, and set him up as the Rival of their present Glorious Sovereign, I would be for sending it to them by all means; if the *High Flyers*, true Sons of the High Church of *England*, have a Mind to Fire another Meeting-House or two, for my part, I would carry them a Candle, I'd have them do it—And if they think these Things will do them any Service, let them go on with them, and see where they will end — They will at last see whose Work they are doing, in short, they are Establishing the Whigs, and fixing *the Interest of the Dissenters*; all these Things are just as we could wish, and I would fain have them go on.

What if a few poor Ignorant *Whigs* are allarm'd at these Things, and in the Places where they are acted, they put the People in some present Consternation ——— We cannot help their Weakness, for my part, I must own, the Precipitations of the *High-Flyers* are the only Game I have hope in, and I make no doubt but this will in due Time, restore us all to our Senses, which for some Time past, the Nation has lost to a greater degree than I care to express; but the Tories are all busie making Spectacles for the People, and by the help of these Spectacles, I doubt not but our blind Mob will in Time, come to see again as clear as they did before; but when they do, beware Oculist, let them stand clear, that made them see, and of this I may speak to in its Place.

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